REAR ADMIRAL SCHLEY BORNE IN TRIUMPH TO HIS CARRIAGE ON THE SHOULDERS OF A CHEERING, ALMOST DELIRIOUSLY ENTHUSIASTIC CROWL

^ CRES OF PEOPLE TO SEE ONE HERO.

It Was the Voice of a People That Dewey Heard as He D. Own the Shouting, Cheering, singing Avenue of Multitudes,

By Langdon Smith.

Down a seven-mile lane of humanity, beginning at the tomb of Grant and ending under the ramping white sea horses on the great arch erected in his honor, Admiral Dewey has marched to his apotheosis.

Behind him, swinging in glittering times, came horses, banners, bayonets, gonfalons, rumbling artillery, screaming fifes, and legion upon legion of marching men. in a parade such as the world seldom see s.

Flanking either side of this long lane was a living cloud of millions of people, heaving and murmuring, and filled with sleeping thunders.

The triumphal procession of a Caesar never had a grander setting.

It was the homeward march of a victorious Hannibal, without the barbaric pomp of shackled minions, greaning slaves or Numidian Hons.

Standing in the bare stone roadway, at any point in that seven miles, you felt yourself an infinitesimal atom facing the gathered population of a world.

The dense masses rose hill upon hill, stretching away in either direction to the distant sky line, where the serried ranks and waving flags were jumbled into remote

Here and there along the seven-mile hills of humanity songs burst forth, lifting and dying away and swelling again like the dispason of a giant organ.

It was the chant of a nation, just as the nying flags were the flags of a nation.

Beyond the bastions of black and interminable stands where the people were banked the streets roared with oncoming thousands.

A bird's-eye view would have disclosed a great city, whose million-fold population was converging rapidly by every thoroughfare and coagulating in black drifts

along the line of parade, Gathering of the Paraders.

Beyond Grant's Tomb there were squares upon squares choked with waiting soldiery and cannon, ready for the order to march.

Looking down the sloping hillside from the tomb was like gazing upon a human glacter, whose steady westward drift was blocked by the gray stone barrier of

Beyond this again you gazed into glimmering seas of faces, so far away and so vast that they seemed the people of another world or a fitanic picture formed upon the hills by the spirit hand of Dore. The tides were without abatement or cessation. A mile away the people were

massing in the huge stands along the river front.

Five miles distant they were streaming by tens and hundreds of thousands to the vantage points within eyeshot of the glorious arch that seared above the surging ocean as if upborne by the white wings of the angel at the top.

A mile further yet other hundreds of thousands were gathered about the Washngton Arch and in the adjoining streets, contented to see the finish-to be within earshot of the bands. Every window had its coterie of spectators and every roof its cornice of heads.

All up and down the two-league lines swarmed the blue coats of the police, hurrying hither and thither, driving the black swarms before them as rancheros In this manner they swept a gray square beyond the tomb bare of spectators.

Into this space there suddenly clattered a squad of police. The parade had started. The walls of humanity surged forward as if about to brenk through. They were driven back with curses and loud cries.

A great dignitury swept by on a prancing horse. Behind him there arose the rum ble of drums and the martial whine of pipes. The committees passed, clad in selemn black. The band of Sousa marched by, and then, as if spring by a galvanic battery, a bundred thousand persons were on their feet, roaring in an earthquake chorus at the sallors of the Olympia.

Then the Olympia's Men.

Brown-faced, blue-clad, swinging their war-hardened hands, they rolled by with their deep-sea gait, looking neither to the right nor the left, Close behind his men in an imposing barouche, drawn by four horses, sat the

torious Admiral-the national hero-George Dewey. As he rolled into the mouth of the living lane, the tumuit swelled and deepened into a thunder that was deafening. Do in the long, gentle slope, as far as the eye could see, the spectators on either lightly had risen to their feet and were voicing

Stand after stand, hill after hill, and mile after mile, without a break in the ranks of spectators large enough for a collid to creep through. Never was there as

Dewey felt the thrill of the occasion. He showed it in his moist eyes and height-

At the foot of the hill, a mile from the tomb, he glanced over his shoulder with i exclamation. What he saw was this:

Down the long slope, in a glittering river of color, swept regiment upon regiment and battalion upon battalion in a long, swinging march, the sunlight gluncing en helmet and hayonet and playing upon—the trappings of cannon and harness. Here and there were fields of crimson plumes; here and there squads of huge hat

tory horses tramped and floundered at the gun-wheels, and standards, pennous and many banners rose and sank and wallowed above moving fields of blue and scarlet. Above the of marching feet you could hear the blare of bugles, the neigh Mighty Concourse of People, Representing Every State, Uses Fine Distinction in Bestowat a stridulation of drums, and the scream of fifes.

patriotic anthem, their childish voices rising above the rumble of marching thousands in shrill cascades of sound.

That Follows Admiral Dewey in Procession to the Arch.

That Follows Admiral Dewey in Procession to the Arch.

Solidor from Many States.

Solidor from Many St

Maybr Van Wyck Presenting New York's Loving Cup to the Admiral,

ing Approval Upon the Various Men and Regiments in the Great Cavalcade

WHO CONQUERED SPAIN ON LAND AND SEA.

PLAUDITS OF MILLIONS FOR THE HEROES